

MAKING A MILLION

By H. T. RICH.

Charles E. C. Ackerson was an obscure little author of unpopular fiction—short stories that one thanked heaven were short.

The difficulty lay not in any lack of language, but in a certain dearth of ideas. Result: a dull and tedious tale.

Ever hear of him? I doubt it. Anyway, you would be unlikely to know he had a daughter. He had, though! Her name was Allie, and her mother had died when she was very small, leaving her to her father's kindly but irregular tutelage. As a consequence of which, by the time she reached twenty, she was in possession among other things of as vigorous an artistic temperament as the most ardent temperamental fan could desire.

Now an artistic temperament must have its opposite, and hers was H. H. Bennink—though he pretended he had just such a temperament as hers and swore he was a writer. For Bennink was versed in the ways of women. Moreover, he and the aforesaid Charles were friends. Put this with the fact that he actually was in love with daughter Allie, and you have a situation that would really have afforded grounds for fiction.

"Henry," Charles said one day, "you don't write. I'll wager you never sold a story in your life."

"Hush!" Henry replied, drooping a slow lid. "I use a 'nom de plume.'"

Whereupon Charles had ceased to be concerned on that point. They understood each other, and the sooner a certain marriage took place, the better.

But not so Allie. She wanted a real author, not one who used "nom de plumes" and was mysteriously reticent about his work.

"It's no use, Henry," she exclaimed at length, after he had been coming to see her for several months. "You've either got to write under your own name, or go away—for good."

Her words were final, and he knew it.

"Would you marry me if I did?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

Now watch!

Bennink, being a business man, betook himself to Charles' inner shrine and sat with him in solemn conclave. There was bold talk, and mention of sums of money in seven figures. An agreement was reached. Then he returned to Allie.

"My dear," he said, "it shall be as you wish. I shall reveal my identity at last, in a series of stories which I promise to begin tomorrow."

And when tomorrow arrived, the series was begun.

We must now suppose some months to have elapsed, and Allie to have become Mrs. Bennink.

Do you remember those stories in K—'s Magazine last year, about the young fellow who succeeded in relieving Wall Street of so much money? "Henry Makes a Million," the series was called. Perhaps you have forgotten, but the name H. H. Bennink was under the title.

Bennink will never forget. The memorable day the issue containing his first story appeared, he had returned from the office (yes, indeed, it is quite customary for authors nowadays to have city offices!) to be met on his doorstep by an exultant wife.

"Not 'O, Henry'—H. H. Bennink!" he had laughed, and kissed her.

He said it bored him to see his name in print. But the arrival of each month's issue of K—'s continued to be fraught with keenest interest for his wife, and a certain pride in her husband grew and grew. Nor was she unduly proud, for the series was a great success.

"A case of getting famous all of a sudden," he confided to Charles one morning. "Why, do you know, dozens of magazines are after me for stories, publishers are bothering me to death about book rights, and seven colleges have offered me professorships in English. They hail me as the man of the hour, whereas—"

"Hush!" warned Charles.

The months sped on, the series was concluded, and presently it appeared in volume form—so that all might buy and learn how a certain Henry had been able to gather together ten hundred thousand dollars out of the debris of Wall Street.

Then, one day, Charles E. C. Ackerson and H. H. Bennink voted themselves leave of absence; and Mrs. Bennink, returning from an afternoon auction party, found the following note from her distinguished husband pinned rakishly to the lampshade in the library:

"My Dear:

"I am the hero, your father the author. I made the million. He made it famous. We are on our vacation. Love, HENRY."

"P. S.—You will find my bankbook in the top drawer of my desk."

When Mrs. Bennink found that bankbook, she learned something that gave her artistic temperament a terrific jolt—and brought her to the conclusion that Henry was more of a business man, and her father more of a writer, than she had supposed—and that the combination was ideal both ways.

Welcome More Light.

Those who are walking up to the light have are always the most ready to welcome more light when it appears.—William M. Taylor.

Worse'n Job.

Said the farmers' fellow: "When it comes to genuine misfortune that much advertised graffe with sore throat is slow traffic compared with a centipede for corns."

Straw Hat Is Modern.

Headwear made of straw was in use among the ancient Greeks, but straw hats as worn did not come into use in Europe until about half a century ago.

AMERICAN AID IS RETURNING STARVED, RAVISHED, EXILED ARMENIANS TO THEIR HOMES



TWO OF THE 4,000,000



THE LONG, LONG TRAIL HOME.



ARMENIANS DEPORTED TWO YEARS AGO WHO WALKED FROM 400 TO 700 MILES BACK HOME.

AN ENTIRE NATION, ONCE HAPPY, WEALTHY, WITH A CIVILIZATION ANCIENT AS THE PYRAMIDS, TO BE RESTORED

Many of us Michigan citizens think of the Armenians as a set of people always undergoing massacre. Fresh news about them appears from time to time, we ask ourselves wonderingly—"Can there still be Armenians left?"

The tenacity and vigor of this by no means numerous race is shown in nothing better than in this, that even now, after the last unprecedented outbreak of massacre and deportation, there are still nearly four million survivors scattered in Asia Minor, Persia, Syria and the Russian Caucasus.

At least 400,000 children who have no fathers and many of them no mothers are among these refugees. In them is the hope of a new Armenia, some day perhaps to surpass in prosperity and world usefulness the Armenia of ages long ago.

The history of Armenia is almost as old as history itself. Armenia claims to possess the site of the Garden of Eden—since even now the country is beautiful enough for Paradise, and its apples would tempt the most fastidious Eve. It also claims that after the flood the Ark came to rest on Mount Ararat, most beautiful of snow-clad peaks.

About 1000 B. C., history speaks of a district Armenian people dwelling on the table lands near Ararat, conquered in turn by the Babylonians, the Medes and Persians, the Seleucidae and the Romans, with brief intervals of independence. Even under conquest, as it was understood by the ancient orientals, the Armenians were little interfered with as long as they paid the required tribute.

In 310 A. D. the interested figure of Gregory, the Illuminator, comes brightly into the foreground of Armenia's mediaeval history, to influence permanently the future character and fate of her people.

Gregory was baptised when a child, married early and had two sons. Then he was caught by the wave of monasticism that swept through Europe in the Middle Ages, felt that he had a vocation and bade farewell to his wife and the world, forsook the common ways of men and entered a monastery. His later persecutions, years of prison, visions and miracles obtained for him the reputation of a saint. He converted Tiridates the King of Armenia and baptised 100,000 Armenians.

Armenians Devotedly Religious.

Eight years later Christianity became the state religion of Armenia, and to this day the mummified hand of old St. Gregory is laid upon the head of every bishop at his consecration—a remarkable instance of Armenian reverence for tradition.

The golden age of independent, Christian Armenia soon passed. At this day the ruins of the once great city of Ani, excavated in the last century, show to the world a dim reflection of bygone splendor. Conical roofed churches and massive walls 40 to 50 feet high, flanked by many round towers and defended by deep gorges, present remains dignified even in ruin. Decorative stonework, sculptures and frescoes indicate a culture and art development of no mean order.

But in the seventh century arose in the east the power which proved fatal to many another nation besides Armenia, and which still lifts its crescent threateningly against the cross—the power of Islam. The followers of

the Prophet Mohammed swept across Europe from Mecca to Gibraltar and finally the Ottoman Turk became the dominant race over a vast empire in Europe and Asia.

From that time to this the Armenian has lived under his sway, often peaceably enough, often persecuted, but still separate, distinct, unabsorbed, stubbornly Christian.

The Armenian had no national state to rally round but he had a church. In this clinging to his church and thus clinging to his nationality through centuries lies the secret of the Armenian's success. No outburst of persecution has succeeded in shaking him from his national faith. Through thick and thin, fair weather and foul the Armenian has stuck to the church.

Make Successful Farmers.

In business life the Armenians were successful. They were also industrious farmers and made Asia Minor a well farmed district.

Although their ability in money making did not help them to popularity with the more indolent and less successful Turk, the Armenians on the whole had no particular trouble, save political and social injustices, before 1876. Then Abdul Hamid II came to the throne, engaged in the Russo-Turkish war, and signed the Treaty of San Stefano, in which Russia engaged to carry out reforms for and to protect the Armenians.

England thought this treaty gave Russia too large a finger in Turkey's pie and too much Eastern influence to be comfortable, so Gladstone forced the substitution of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 for that of San Stefano, by which the responsibility for the Armenians was divided.

This was bad luck for the Armenians, since their sponsors, the concert of Europe, found it impossible to act together. By various efforts at interference they roused Abdul Hamid's temper and defiance, and that irritated monarch, like a bad tempered child with too much power, decided to kill off the harmless subjects in whom other European powers had so inconvenient an interest. An outbreak of ghastly massacre was the result, the first of a series which we saw culminated in 1915.

Now that the theory of the Balance of Power is bankrupt, the hope is for better protection of the Armenian and other small races under the organization of the League of Nations.

America Will Give Aid.

Geographically, Armenia has many advantages for future development. In ancient days it consisted of 500,000 square miles of fertile table-land, stretching from the Black Sea and the Caucasus Mountains to Persia and Syria. The land rises from the sea until it reaches a level of about 8,000 feet, shooting up in Mount Ararat to a snow-capped peak about 1,600 feet higher than Mont Blanc.

The land is fertile, rugged, picturesque, and rich in rivers, of which the Euphrates, Tigris, Pison and Araxes are the chief. These empty their waters into the Caspian and Black Sea and the Gulf of Persia.

It is good grazing land and fine for agriculture, producing melons, grapes, wheat, maize, barley, oats, cotton,

rice, tobacco and sugar; while rich deposits of coal, silver, iron and other minerals lie undeveloped beneath the surface. When the season is at its height, such is the productive power of the soil that two melons are said to be a camel's load.

This is the home from which the Armenians have been driven and to which they must be restored.

To keep them alive in the meantime, and to transport them home and help them to start life afresh will cost a large amount of money. America does not expect to pay it all, but she does expect to raise, by voluntary subscription, the sum of \$30,000,000 towards that great end—allowing on even distribution, the sum of \$7.50 per person—not a great deal for us to give or them to receive, but it will make all the difference between life and death to these sorely stricken people in the immediate future.

CARDINAL GIBBONS URGES AMERICANS TO SUPPORT SYRIAN-ARMENIAN RELIEF

ISSUES STRONG APPEAL ON BEHALF OF COMMITTEE.

The attempt to relieve and save the starving peoples in the Near East deserves the sympathetic support of all Christian people. Not only have the Christian inhabitants of Turkey been impoverished and decimated by a succession of wars, but deportation and massacre have destroyed many fathers and mothers, leaving hundreds of thousands of orphans to be fed, clothed and provided with homes. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief is to undertake to raise a large sum for this purpose. I hope that all who have given freely for this and other forms of war relief will be generous still in the face of this greatest tragedy of the war.

(Signed) J. CARD. GIBBONS, December 17, 1918.

On Sunday, December 1st, 75,000 "Four Minute" Speakers addressed Sunday Schools all over America in an effort to arouse interest in this tremendous and life sustaining undertaking. Each and every penny contributed will be used for a child in the Near East, since all expenses of collection and distribution are met from private funds.

The money obtained will be turned over to the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, No. 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

Last year 30,000 Sunday schools of America contributed \$1,000,000 for the necessities of these little people. This year the International Sunday School Association is endeavoring to raise \$2,000,000 from the 176,000 Sunday Schools of America for the starving children of the Bible Lands.

Unskilled Labor. A man never realizes what the term "unskilled labor" can mean until he boldly volunteers to repair the water faucets and take down the screen doors.—Washington Star.

Inconsistent. Lots of men spend half of their time complaining of life's brevity and the other half in trying to kill time.

Do Not Waste Coal Dust. Coal dust should not be wasted. Have a special gentle and mix sufficient water with it to make it quite moist. When the fire is nice and clean bank it up with this mixture.

Wanted Walnut for Gunstocks. Most of the oldest trees in this country were originally planted, not for the sake of the fruit, but because the wood makes the best gunstocks, being light, strong and not easily warped.

Vigor

SUCCESS IS ACHIEVED by vigorous men and women. When one is lacking in strength and endurance, when good health is wanting, when physical power is at low ebb, it is impossible to accomplish one's work.

One of the causes of ill health and low vitality is the improper functioning of the kidneys. Trouble results when they fail to eliminate waste and poisonous matter from the system, and rheumatic pains, backache, stiff joints, sore muscles, and other symptoms quickly follow.

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banish effects of kidney and bladder trouble by removing the cause. They are healing and curative. They tone up and strengthen the weakened or diseased organs. H. D. Castlerbury, Marine Engineer, Port Vincent, La., writes: "I consider Foley Kidney Pills the greatest medicine for kidney and bladder trouble I ever used. I recommend them to all who suffer with kidney and bladder trouble." Sold everywhere in 4¢ boxes.

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